SELECTED STORY.

The Red Scar.

"That is the mark of an Indian arrow, a Navajo arrow," said the colonel as he applied a lighted splinter of cedar to his cigar. This was said in answer to my remark, calling attention to a dark red scar on his right arm, about two inches above the wrist, which was revealed as he stretched out his arm toward the fire to light the chip of wood.

The colonel and I, with our host, were sitting around the stove one evening in October when the nights were getting chilly. We were living at a ranch which was situated among the foothills of a range of mountains lying in New Mexico to the east of the Rio Grande. The colonel had driven 80 miles that day in his two horse buggy, and having as far again to go before he reached his destination he had stopped at the ranch for the night, availing himself of that hospitality which is so freely offered to travelers by all ranchmen in the wild west.

"Tell us the story, colonel," said our host, relighting his pipe and leaning back comfortably in the rocking chair.

The colonel was an old Indian fighter and had seen some rough work in the "winning of the west." With the preliminary "Well," which seems the usual way for an American to begin a story, the colonel commenced:

The Navajoes, a powerful tribe to the west of the Rio Grande, had for long been on the warpath, robbing and murdering white settlers, more especially at isolated mining camps, until most of the mines were left tenantless, the owners having either been "wiped out" or obliged to flee to the towns or more settled districts. The government was at length roused to take steps to end this state of things. A strong force, composed principally of cavalry, was sent out against the Navajoes, marching through their country, destroying their towns and killing many of the tribe in numerous engagements and skirmishes.

Finally they returned, escorting about 6,000 prisoners. I was there with the —th cavalry, and a pretty busy time we had of it rounding up these redskins. They were marched to Fort S. and located close to the fort, being kept within their camp by cavalry patrols. In spite of our utmost vigilance, several small parties of Indians escaped. As the force at the disposal of the commandant was not large enough to follow all the scattered bands of fugitives, I got orders to raise a company of scouts in order to patrol the range of mountains lying between the fort and the Navajo country.

After a considerable time and no end of difficulty I got together a band of as thorough ruffians as it was ever my lot to see. These were hunters, trappers, scouts, miners, Indians, half breeds, ruined gamblers and scamps of every kind and nation, but all well used to Indian fighting and Indian ways. I may mention that this was the band which my old friend, Mayne Reid, calls the "scalp hunters."

After the expenditure of a good amount of time and temper, not to mention physical force, I managed to get them into some sort of discipline. With this band I was camping out on the east side of the mountains when news was brought from the fort that a band of 600 Indians had escaped and were making their way westward. They would be obliged to cross the mountains by one of three passes. We were encamped at the center pass, and the passes on either side of us were 80 miles apart from each other. After consulting with my chief scout, a Mexican called Santos, we agreed that they would probably make for the north pass and would likely send a small party on ahead to see if the coast was clear. So we resolved to make a reconnoissance in that direction.

Leaving the main body of the men with orders to watch the south pass as well as the center one, I rode off with Santos, taking two led mules with us. As we expected, we found the trail of the scouting party and soon came in sight of them, or rather of a cloud of dust which they raised as they made their way toward the mountains. Keeping well out of sight, we passed them and made for a spring where I expected the Indians would camp. We rode hard all day, and toward sunset arrived in the neighborhood of the spring. Halting about a mile from it, Santos dismounted and crawled forward among the sagebrush. On examining the ground, he saw that the Indians had not been there. We accordingly watered the horses and then retired to a canyon about 200 yards from the spring. It soon became quite dark, and as there was no sign of the Indians we went to sleep.

At daybreak next morning I went up the side of the canyon, and crawling through the sagebrush I examined the neighborhood with my glass. I discovered the Indians encamped about 200 yards from the spring, on the farther side. They had arrived after dark and so had not discovered our trail. As I was watching them through my glass and trying to make out their numbers I saw a sudden movement in camp. They began to move toward their horses, at the same time gesticulating and pointing in our direction. Looking behind me, to my dismay I saw a column of smoke slowly rising in the air. I knew at once what had happened. I had many a time expostulated with Santos about his habit of smoking at inconvenient times, and now after lighting his cigarette he had managed to set the grass on fire. I at once crawled back through the sagebrush, and as soon as I was out of sight of the Indians I arose to my feet and ran down to our camp, where I found Santos vainly endeavoring to beat out the fire.

"No use now," said I. "We are discovered and must run for it."

We mounted our horses, and leading the mules set off at a gallop, the Indians keeping on our left, to cut us off from the fort, where they supposed we were going. They did not actually chase us, but just kept along parallel to our course, and so we raced along over the plain, which was of sand and gravel, with a scanty growth of gramma grass, with here and there a cactus or soap plant. All day long we kept on, sometimes stopping to change the saddles from the horses to the mules, or back again to the horses, and on again in that monotonous gallop, parched with thirst and covered with dust.

Toward evening we were nearing the Mal Pais, that great lava bed which stretches for 70 miles along the plain. The lava is piled up in great ridges, cracked and fissured in all directions, broken up into huge blocks, which here and there are upheaved 40 and 50 feet above the plain, with grass and small trees growing in the interstices. Most of the bed is quite impassable for horses, but I remember one pass, of which I had taken advantage on a former occasion. Skirting the lava bed to the right, we came to the high piled up blocks which I knew indicated the whereabouts of the pass.

At length we reached the place where the path led over the lava. Leaving Santos to watch if the Indians were following us, I rode up the pass. My limbs were rather cramped after our long gallop, and I had taken my right foot from the stirrup and had crossed my leg over the horn of the saddle and was leading the mule with my left hand. The path was so narrow that the mule had to follow in the footsteps of the horse. In my right hand was my repeating rifle, at that time a novelty, resting across my right knee. I had nearly gained the highest part of the pass and was advancing between two walls of lava when my horse suddenly threw up its head, and looking down I found myself looking right into the muzzle of a rifle. I instinctively drew back, tightening the rein and causing the horse to rear. At the same moment a shot was fired, and the horse fell with a bullet through his head. Almost at the same instant several other shots were fired, and I fell with the horse, wounded in the left shoulder and right thigh. As I fell I threw up my right hand with the rifle and received an arrow in the arm, which left this scar.

The mule was tugging at the rope as I lay stretched out with my left leg under the dead horse and my left arm stretched beyond my head by the backing of the mule, the lariat being still held in my hand and partly twisted round my wrist.

At this moment an Indian appeared just before me. I can see that man still. Every feature is stamped on my memory. I thought my last hour had come as he stepped toward me clutching his knife. I raised my wounded arm, holding the rifle like a pistol, and fired point blank at the Indian, who dropped dead on the spot.

Then the mule gave a scream and reared up, dragging me from under the horse, wrenched himself loose and galloped down the pass. My idea at the time was that an Indian had attempted to get at me from behind, but finding the mule in the way had thrust his lance into it. My surmise was probably correct, as the mule eventually arrived at the fort with a lance wound in its flank.

My repeating rifle evidently disconcerted the Indians, and, although I fired several more shots into the bushes, I never caught sight of them again. They fired once or twice, and now and then an arrow fell near me, but they were careful never to expose themselves.

It was now quite dark, and I managed to drag myself into a corner among some high blocks of lava, and sat, leaning against them, with my rifle across my knees, expecting every moment to be attacked. I extracted the arrow, and the blood began to pour over my hand. Getting out my knife, I ripped up my sleeve. I felt the blood coming in jerks, and knowing by that that an artery must be wounded I improvised a tourniquet by tying a knot on my handkerchief, and with my unwounded hand and my teeth bandaged the arm and stopped the bleeding. I began to feel rather done up and was leaning back against the rock when I heard a light rustling over my head.

On looking up I could see between me and the sky the bushy head of a soap plant being thrust over the edge of the rock. This was evidently a ruse on the part of the Indians to see if I were on the alert. I instantly fired upward, and the soap plant disappeared. I dared not go to sleep, and I felt comparatively happy. I remembered distinctly of repeating poetry to myself, and rather appropriately Burns' poem, "Man Was Made To Mourn," kept running through my head. My sense of hearing seemed to be intensified, and I could hear the slightest rustle of a leaf, which I often took for the stealthy tread of a foe.

About 3 o'clock, as near as I could judge, I heard what I at once recognized as the sound of metal striking a stone. It was very faint and seemed a long way off, but I felt sure that it was caused by the iron shoe of a horse. And if so it was probably the horse of a white man, as the Indians almost never shoe their horses. I listened intently for a repetition of the sound, and shortly afterward heard another sound, which I knew by experience to be caused by the rush of a number of horses over an arroya, and then all was silent again. I waited for some time, and then I heard faintly the unmistakable tramp of horses galloping. The sound gradually became more distinct and then suddenly ceased. Soon I heard voices and recognized those of Santos and the lieutenant of my troop. At last I heard the order to advance. I cried out:

"Look out! There are Indians all around."

"My God!" I heard the lieutenant say, "he is still alive."

Just then I heard a rustling all around me, caused by the Indians making off, and to my intense relief I saw the lieutenant and a number of dismounted troopers coming toward me. As I could not sit on a horse on account of my wounds, as soon as it was daylight they constructed a horse litter and conveyed me to the fort, where I lay for something like three months. I was told that Santos, hearing the shots when I ascended the pass and no answering call from me, concluded that I was killed or a prisoner and rode off to the fort, returning with help just in time for my rescue.—*Exchange.*

From the Court to the Gutter.

A good text for a sermon on the vicissitudes of life would be found in a recent examination of a tramp before M. Duranton, the Paris commissary of police. The tramp, it seems, had endeavored to pawn a diamond bracelet he had picked up near the opera house, and he had been arrested. He turned out to be Edmond Viscount de la Morte, the head of an ancient noble family of Lyons. Under the second empire he was chamberlain at court, and he had an ample private fortune, but now, at the age of 67, he is found wandering about almost without visible means of subsistence. And thereby hangs another tale, for being asked how he lived he opened a bag he was carrying and showed a quantity of orange peel. "I go about picking up the peel," he explained, "and I sell it to a manufacturer of liqueurs for making bitters and curacoa."—*London News.*

THE largest inclosed body of water in the world is the Caspian sea.

SOLDIERS' BUDGET.

A War Duel.

In the breaking dawn of July 2, 1863, 4,000 cavalrymen sat in silence upon their horses on the extreme left of the Confederate battle line at Gettysburg. The field in their front was curtained with a heavy mist as if kindly nature had sought to veil the appalling traces of the tragedy there enacted. It had been sown with shot and blades thick with steel on the previous afternoon, and the harvest of death was ungathered lying in windrows along the ghastly furrows that had been cut by the red plowshare of war. The infantry line stretched far away to the right, and their gray uniforms blending with the hazy atmosphere gave them a very shadowy appearance. Many of the regiments were indeed but shadows of what they had been at noon on the preceding day. Some were in line without even one commissioned officer, and others with but the normal strength of a single company. For example, as attested by the official record, the Twenty-sixth North Carolina entered the battle with 800 rank and file, and, although none was captured, but 80 answered to their names at the close of the day. Colonel Henry R. Burgwyn, Jr., who commanded it, and all the field officers were killed. Captain H. C. Albright, who had command of it after the battle, was its only commissioned officer left unwounded. Company H of the same regiment went in with 84 men and three officers and came out with but one man standing upon his feet, all the others having been killed or wounded. I knew the sole unstricken survivor well. He was Private John Secrest, a robust young farmer of Mecklenburgh county, N. C., and I regret to state that instead of being grateful to Providence for having plucked him as a brand from the burning he grumbled loudly over the loss of one of his shoes, torn from his foot by a grapeshot that struck the heel while he was falling back in good order.

The 50 squadrons of horse that were awaiting orders in a dreamy half sleep were commanded by Brigadier General Wade Hampton. He was the beau ideal of a cavalry commander, of tall, heroic form, a superb horseman, brave and enterprising without being rash, and with daring always tempered by sound judgment. He was unquestionably the strongest man in the Confederate service and the only one in either army who, enlisting as a private soldier, rose to the rank of lieutenant general. But, although a judicious commander, he was possessed of knightly spirit of adventure, and as adventures come to the adventurous his brilliant military career was marked by many thrilling personal experiences.

But a brave heart is no buckler against a steel blade, as General Hampton realized that morning. Hearing a bullet hiss just over his head, he turned his face toward the belt of open woods on his left in time to see the flash of a gun at a point about 300 yards away, and then he heard another leaden messenger cut the air near him. He at once rode at a brisk trot in the direction of the timber to find out the early bird of a sharpshooter who thus broke upon the quiet of the morning with his shrill note of battle. When he had ridden about 175 yards at a right oblique, he came to a high stake and rider rail fence. Looking to the front he saw, standing on a large stump, some 4 or 5 feet in height, a soldier whose blue coat, bound with orange colored braid, and pantaloons with stripes of the same color on the outer seams, indicated that he was a United States cavalryman. He seemed to be what the Scots term a "braw lad," and although not engaged in a political campaign had "taken the stump," doubtless that he might get a better view of the Confederate troops on the elevated plateau south of the woods.

The contour of the ground hid General Hampton from his command when he halted at the fence. As he drew his pistol the quick eyed skirmisher saw him, and they both fired at the same instant. The ball from the soldier's rifled carbine splintered a rail near the horse's head, and that from Wade Hampton's 44 caliber revolver made the bark fly from the stump. The duel was clearly irregular, as there were no seconds, and the principals were about 125 yards apart instead of 15 or 20 paces, as prescribed by the code of honor, and they were unequally armed, although each was within far range of the other's weapon. Hampton held his pistol muzzle up, at a ready and courteously waited on his antagonist, who threw back the lever of his carbine, and flinging out the empty shell put in a fresh cartridge.

Again the reports of the carbine and pistol blended, and a bullet passed through Hampton's gray cavalry cape, grazing his right breast.

The soldier then inserted a third cartridge, but could not close the breach of his rifle, the trouble evidently being that the gun was foul, and hence the butt of the metallic case did not go in flush with the socket. He raised his right hand with the palm to the front, as if to say to his adversary, "Wait a bit, I'll soon be with you," and then drew his wiping rod, and after driving out the stuck cartridge took a piece of rag from his pocket, and, wetting it with his tongue, attached it to the slit in the rod and deliberately cleaned out his carbine. The delay sorely taxed the patience of Hampton, as it would that of any gentleman who was kept waiting to be shot at. But he was as incapable of taking an unfair advantage of his enemy then as he was at Brandy Station, where, during the fiercest cavalry engagement of the war, he dashed up to a Federal colonel to cut him down, but seeing that his sword arm was disabled saluted him instead and passed on to seek another foe.

The high roosting cock of the woods soon relieved him by again opening fire, but at Hampton's return shot the carbine fell from his grasp, and he jumped down, and after picking it up with his left hand retired to the rear.

At that moment General Hampton received a blow on the back of his head that would have unhorsed a less stalwart rider. He turned upon his assailant, who instantly wheeled his horse and fled at full speed. Hampton followed quickly in pursuit, his thoroughbred mare springing forward at the touch of the spur. The fleeing Federal officer, for such his uniform stamped him, was also well mounted, but Hampton overtook him, and leveling a pistol within three feet of his head pulled the trigger. But the cap snapped. Several times he pulled, but with the same result. The Union officer bounded on as if conscious of his peril.

Hampton was about to draw his sword when his intended quarry turned short off to the left through a gap in the fence which Hampton himself had not seen until borne past it. He had the satisfaction of hurling the pistol at his flying foe, accompanying it with some words which did not entirely become his character as a vestryman of the Protestant Episcopal church, but that was all.

General Hampton found that the Union officer's sword had given him a deep gash about four inches in length, and that but for the thick felt hat and heavy suit of hair he wore would have cut to the brain. A few inches of court plaster enabled him to keep on duty until he received a severe gunshot wound in the leg on the last of the battle. Ten years later Colonel Frank Hampton, a younger brother of the general's, while on a visit to Mobile, became acquainted with a gentleman from Detroit who had been an officer in the Union army. A few days after their introduction the Detroit man said: "Colonel, I sought your acquaintance in order that through you I might make the amende honorable to your brother, General Wade Hampton. The saber cut that he received on the head at Gettysburg was inflicted by me, and the matter has troubled me greatly ever since. It was my only act during the war that I regret. I was a young fellow then of 22 and a lieutenant in the Sixth Michigan cavalry. Seeing a solitary Confederate firing into our lines, I determined to capture him. There was nothing about him to indicate his rank, but I presumed that he was an officer. The bend in the fence prevented him from noticing my approach. Indeed he was looking to the front as I came on his rear, and the ground being soft near the fence line he did not hear my horse's step. I could have run him through with my sword, but I was incapable of stabbing any man in the back. I saw when I got near him that he was of formidable stature, and as his pistol was in his hand I felt sure that if I ordered him to surrender he would instantly turn and fire upon me. He was mounted on a horse of a light chestnut color, which I thought was the finest animal that I had ever seen. It was a sore temptation to a cavalry officer, and I at once changed my plan and decided to unhorse the rider and capture his splendid mount. As I struck the blow he turned upon me. It was a half mile race for life. I heard his pistol snap three times at my back and also his parting curse as I went through the gap in the fence."

Colonel Hampton delivered the explanation tendered by Major S.—for he rose to that rank—and later General Hampton acknowledged it by letter, assuring Major S. that it had given him great gratification, and that since he had received it he could only regard the failure of his pistol to fire with a deep sense of gratitude to him in whose hands are the balance of life and death.

In reply to the inquiry from Hampton, Major S. wrote that the name of the frolicking rifleman was Frank Pearson; that he was but 15 years old at the time of the duel; that the pistol ball had wounded him a few inches above the right wrist, and that he was mustered out of service at the close of the war as a lieutenant and was a successful farmer living near Kalamazoo, Mich. Subsequently General Hampton received a letter from Mr. Pearson himself, in which he assured the general that he was glad that he had missed him, and the general responded that he was very sorry that he had wounded Private Pearson.—*Judge T. J. Mackey, in Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Empty Since the War.

One of the curiosities to be found in southern Ohio, not far from Chillicothe, is a country store that has remained as it now is for over thirty years without a change of a single article. When the war broke out the man who owned the store had a son. The father was intensely loyal and persuaded the son to enlist, promising the son that if he should enlist the store and its contents should be his when he returned. Another call for troops came and the old man locked up the store and shouldered a musket. He remained in the army until peace was declared and then returned to his home. His wife had died in the meantime and no tidings had ever been received from the son. The father worked a small farm that he owned, but never entered the store, saying that it should be there as it was when the son came home to claim it. A quarter of a century has gone, but no word yet from the missing son, and the store stands just as it was over thirty years ago, the old man, now in his old dotage, refusing to allow any one to enter it.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.*

A Trustful Rebel.

"A funny war incident occurred down there," said John W. Woodruff, pointing downward from the Forsyth street bridge to the track running between the bridge and the National hotel. "When Forrest captured Colonel Straight's raiders at Rome they were brought to Atlanta in box cars and were switched off on that track. As Forrest's men had to return to Rome, a detail from Major Leyden's artillery, then in camp here, were sent down to guard the prisoners. I was a member of the company, and the facts of the case are fresh in my recollection yet. The doors on one side of the cars remained locked, and the doors on the other side were open. In front of each of these doors one of Leyden's men stood on guard. Everything went on smoothly until the relief came around after dark. The officer in charge of the relief squad found, to his astonishment, that one of the cars was guarded by a Yankee with a musket.

"'Hello! What does this mean?' asked the officer.

"'Oh, it's all right,' replied the Yankee; 'the young man on duty here wanted to go to see his girl, and he promised me his rations if I would take his place till he came back.'

"We took Mr. Yank's musket from him and made him enter the car, and stationed one of our men at the door. The fellow had told the truth, as we found out when the absent guard returned. The youngster was fresh and knew nothing about soldiering. He saw no harm in slipping off to see his girl, and, as luck would have it, he had picked out a prisoner who was a man of his word. Our comrade would have been severely punished if his case had been reported, but the boys enjoyed the joke so much that they kept it from Major Leyden until it was safe to let it be known. Wouldn't that Yankee and his friend, the confederate, have a jolly time if they could meet at some reunion of the blue and gray? If they are both living they ought to get together."—*Atlanta Constitution.*